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THE
Commonweal

Degrees of Literacy

The Pool of Ignorance

by C. K. Yearley, Jr.

Drugs and Addicts

One Man's Fix

by Dan Wakefield

THE CHOICE . . . . . *by John Cogley*
BLUE RIBBON PIONEERS . . . . . *by Philip Burnham*
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EDITED BY THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE CANDIDATES

AS POTENTIAL candidates for the Presidency continue to jockey for the best starting position, the political scene grows curiouser and curiouser. The same names are considered and reconsidered, the order shuffled only slightly as some event or action gives one man fleeting prominence over another. Kennedy, Humphrey, Johnson, Symington, and Stevenson are the names one conjures with in the Democratic ring. The Republicans are quantitatively poorer, their obvious choices being either Nixon or Rockefeller. The inter-party difficulties of the Republicans are, thus, different from those of the Democrats. But in one important respect they are much alike: there are too few issues on which the candidates are clearly divided, issues which might dramatize essential differences between the contenders. There is, therefore, an interest but a curious lack of excitement on the part of any but the candidates themselves.

What accounts for the difficulty of fixing the position of these candidates in respect to the large political issues of the times? Why do they appear to be almost equally afloat in an amorphous, undifferentiated fluid, grasping unsuccessfully for some large plank which will afford firm support?

Much of the reason lies in the very confusion of political issues. Who could have foreseen, some few years back, when Richard Nixon was building his reputation as a hard anti-Communist, that he would be able to enhance it by personal discussion with Mr. Khrushchev? Or, when watching the Army-McCarthy hearings, that a private named Schine would receive a friendly invitation to visit Russia? That George Kennan would not only call for a reconsideration of the U.S. policy of containment—which he did much to formulate—but that he would meet opposition from leading Democrats and find agreement among influential Republicans? That the issue of halting nuclear tests, which Stevenson advocated in his 1956 campaign, would be a Republican accomplishment? Or that the policy of aid to underdeveloped countries would also be appropriated by the Republicans?

THESE SEEMINGLY odd shifts in political attitudes have done much to lend an odd perspective to the political scene. Things are not what they once appeared to be; some issues have dwindled into relative non-existence while others are yet coming into being. In the years Mr. Eisenhower has been in office he has, however unwittingly, presided over the dissolution of many of the issues which once drew "liberals" into an identifiable group. However rickety and unstable its foundation, the theme of "peace and prosperity" has meaning for many Americans. And where confidence in this theme prevails, the issues which once united liberals are no longer felt to be urgent. For such matters as the relation of federal funds to housing and education, public transport and extended health insurance—however important they may be—do little to charge the political atmosphere. Those who fail to recognize these facts speak to a political world of the past.

There are, of course, those issues whose outcome is highly uncertain and whose political shape is, therefore, not yet discernible. For the Republican and Democratic fortunes will be influenced by the outcome of the steel strike and the ensuing pattern of labor-management relations. They are also dependent to a large degree on the outcome of negotiations between Western leaders, the results of the subsequent summitry and the inevitable reforming of the relationship between the East and the West.

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Many of the political candidates thus seem to find themselves, to adapt Matthew Arnold, "wandering between two worlds—one dead, the other powerless to be born." And their political analyses, after-dinner speeches and developing campaign programs all seem to take place in the airless limbo between the two worlds. Where a real issue comes to be involved it frequently appears to have intruded itself uncomfortably or to be made subservient to some personal, political end.

This description of the political climate in which the candidates dwell is at once a justification and a criticism of the candidates themselves. A justification in that the issues are murky, the alliances shifting, even the immediate future highly volatile and uncertain. It is, at best, difficult to find a firm political footing.

But it is also a criticism because it suggests that the large basic problems may be obscured, not that they are dissipated. And it further suggests that no potential candidate has shown that, discerning them, he has the necessary basic responses. The faint encouragement is that there is yet time before the conventions for some candidate to show that he is capable of such accomplishments.

DEFENDING THE DOLLAR

AFTER YEARS of anxiety about the "dollar gap" and the effect of having most of the world's gold reserves piling up at Fort Knox, the latest U.S. worry goes in quite the opposite direction. American gold reserves are being depleted at the rate of three to four billions a year. Whereas the American dollar recently stood out, with the Swiss franc and, later, the West German mark, as solid and substantial in a world of "soft currencies," there is actually some concern as to its present repute and immediate future.

How has this come about? Is the United States actually importing more than it exports after years of the reverse? It is not that. But the expenditures of American tourists abroad, plus the outgo for American troops and foreign bases and for foreign military and economic aid, have weighted the scales in the opposite direction. With their postwar recovery spurred on by American aid, the industrial nations of Europe have built up their own hard currencies. This is a welcome end result of the Marshall Plan and other efforts to rebuild the economies of our allies, but the flight from the dollar must be checked.

This is the background for the announcement that henceforth foreign loans from the Development Loan Fund shall be contracted "primarily" for the purchase of American goods and services—and the possibility that the International Cooperation Administration will soon take a similar step. This shifts the emphasis, in offering such loans, from supplying others with technical assistance to creating markets for exports from the U.S.

It is plausible that changed conditions should call for changes of policy. It is understandable that Secretary Anderson should seek to do what he can to stem further flight from the dollar. But is this move advisable? The effect it can have on the dollar problem is a limited one, considering the sums involved, and it will not be felt for another two years. At the same time it restricts the free flow of trade at a most inauspicious moment, raises the cost of foreign aid and lays America open anew to the charge of "economic imperialism."

One main sector for our attack on our balance of payments problem should be the industrialized countries in any case. There is much more to be accomplished by persuading those nations to abolish the restrictions that remain against the purchases of American and Canadian goods than from "tying-in" loans to the underdeveloped countries. The International Monetary Fund is currently calling upon the industrial nations for just such an end of discriminating against American goods, since the old "dollar gap" has been closed. Perhaps the extent of the protest that greeted the new "Buy American" decree here and abroad—and a further examination of the figures—will lead the Administration to modify this restrictive policy on development loans.

COUNCIL CONTEST

THERE ARE occasions when our State Department seems needlessly to be taking the lead when friendly nations might be counted on to carry the ball. Critics who fear that a policy of overt opposition to the Soviet bloc at every juncture will lose this nation friends, especially among the uncommitted, take the contest between Poland and Turkey for a non-permanent seat on the Security Council as an example. Some would withdraw our opposition to Poland on the grounds that exercise of the veto hamstrings the Council from taking action on "substantive" issues anyway—also in hopes that a seat on the Council might somehow "encourage" Poland to greater independence of action. Others think we should back a compromise

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candidate, preferably one from the new nations of the Afro-Asian world.

Analysis of the composition of the Council reveals what is at stake for the United States in this contest. Of the eleven seats five are permanent, six are elective. A majority of seven is required for a decision, and in the case of all "substantive" matters this majority must include all five of the permanent members. (Hence the veto power at the disposal of Britain, France, Nationalist China, the Soviet Union and the United States.) At present such a majority can be attained on many questions. But it will be more difficult when Ceylon replaces Canada in January and the United Arab Republic supplants Tunisia a year later. Then, if Poland has replaced Japan, America can count on only a bare majority provided all our friends and allies on the Council see each question exactly as we do. Although it is increasingly problematical in the enlarged United Nations to secure a two-thirds majority on many issues, or for any candidate, enough is at stake here to warrant making a contest of this election to the Security Council.

BROTHERS, BIG AND LITTLE

NEW YORK is the capital for many things, good and bad. Among the latter, it now turns out, is wiretapping. Or at least so says *The Eavesdroppers,* a book published by the Rutgers University Press which is the result of a sixteen-month study sponsored by the Pennsylvania Bar Association and the Fund for the Republic.

"It is safe to say that most of the private wiretapping done in the world is done in the City of New York," says the report. But New York has no absolute monopoly on wiretapping by either police or private parties, and there seems to be little in *The Eavesdroppers* designed to make anyone very comfortable about his right to privacy, inside Gotham or no.

Most discussions of both legal and illegal wiretapping stress the role of the police in such operations. And it is right that this should be so, of course, for the potential power of the state is one of the real threats of our time. However, perhaps because we normally tend to think of wiretapping in terms of an Orwellian Big Brother, the thing about press notices on *The Eavesdroppers* that struck us most forcibly was the news that large industrial and business corporations make more and more use of electronic eavesdropping.

According to the report, there are many companies which have absolutely no hesitation about spying on their employees or about the use of electronic eavesdropping to learn a competitor's trade secrets. Sensitive microphones connected with tape recorders pick up employee conversations in lavatories and lounges; a paper-thin transistor microphone inserted inside the backing of a picture on the wall transmits everything to remote listeners, with no fear of detection because no wires are needed. Taps on rivals' phones are routine, and even the public telephones in the lobby of the building are tapped.

Eavesdropping is at best a distasteful business. One thing we do like about this report is that there seems to be no attempt to gloss things over, no effort to find the silver lining that isn't there. Divorce lawyers wiretap; private investigators wiretap; corporations wiretap; law-enforcement agencies wiretap, even in states where it is specifically forbidden. And no one really seems to know what to do about it.

As far as we are concerned, all this adds up to a disturbing picture. We doubt that it affects us personally; the only secret we have really mastered is how to stay in business without making any money, and we don't think many competitors are anxious to acquire this dubious skill. But the notion that the host of governmental agencies anxious to play Big Brother by wiretapping has now been enlarged by a flock of Little Big Brothers, Inc., is a profoundly discouraging one.

RIGHT AND FAR-RIGHT

EACH NATIONAL political party heard from its own right wing recently. As usual, the message was curt and clear, if not to-the-point.

On the Democratic side, Governor Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina sounded the familiar Southern note. If the Democratic nominee next year is Senator Hubert Humphrey or Governor G. Mennen Williams or "someone of their ideology," he said, at least seven Southern states would join his own state in bolting the party. In this event, he said, the Southerners would nominate an "independent" candidate; they would not support Vice President Nixon or Governor Rockefeller if either is nominated by the Republicans.

On the G.O.P. side, five hundred people whom we take to be predominantly right-wing Republican in spirit met in Chicago for what was called a national conference of conservatives. The purpose

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of this gathering was the establishment of a third national party, since the delegates were convinced they had no voice in either Democratic or Republican parties as they are now constituted, and no chance of getting one.

One of the principal speakers at the Chicago meeting was J. Bracken Lee, formerly Republican Governor of Utah, who again advocated complete abolition of the Federal income tax—a principal plank in the conservative group's platform, along with abolition of Federal aid to farmers and schools, repeal of the reciprocal trade act, decentralization of national labor unions, severance of diplomatic ties with the U.S.S.R., and the establishment of a United Nations without Communist nations as members. Present plans of the conservatives are to hold a political convention early next year, at which time a name for the party will be chosen. Meantime the independent political parties in the federation are supposed to comply with legal requirements for getting on the state ballot. Eventually its founders hope the federation will be welded into a national expression of what they apparently believe is the conservative political viewpoint.

For our part, we find it hard to believe that voices like that of J. Brandon Lee can attract more than a fringe following even in a world as badly in need of good sense as this one. If we are right in this, the Republicans have less to worry about in their dissidents than the Democrats do, for Southern bolters from Democratic ranks could sink the party's chances this time. In any case, though, whatever the effect on Democratic or Republican chances in 1960, reading the "conservative" platform put forward in Chicago is a sad business. Whatever one's own political views, it certainly seems that the conservative cause is poorly served by all too many of those who claim to speak in its name.

SOLDIER-STATESMAN-TARGET

GENERAL OF THE ARMY George Catlett Marshall is dead, laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery after bare and simple funeral rites. The clamor and controversy which once surrounded his name seem now to be distant and dim, hardly real at all. Senator Joseph McCarthy, the symbol, focus and agent of that clamor, is also dead, and the bright flames of McCarthyism are only ashes now.

Commentaries on the death of George Marshall have not been clamorous and controversial. Even newspapers which gave their support to the campaign of vilification against Marshall have said no more than that the General's place in history is still to be determined, and have made solemn note of his unquestioned services to his country as Army Chief of Staff, Secretary of State and Secretary of Defense. The Marshall Plan, particularly, as a brilliant conception and a crucially important instrument of post-war European recovery, proved impossible to ignore and impossible to question.

Former President Truman said of George Marshall that "He was the greatest general since Robert E. Lee. He was the greatest administrator since Thomas Jefferson. He was the man of honor, the man of truth, the man of greatest ability. He was the greatest of the great in our time." Mr. Truman was General Marshall's chief, of course, and the former President's loyalty and regard for Marshall were intensified by the attacks on the General's honor and patriotism. Mr. Truman's judgment is, then, hardly the cold and objective estimate that history will make, but it is not in contradiction to the facts of General Marshall's long career of service and the steadfastness he displayed in the face of cruel and vicious calumny. Whether the General was always right in his decisions—an unreasonable expectation of any man in our imperfect world—was of course not the "controversial" question about him. The charge against this man amounted to no less than the betrayal in his country.

One columnist has reported that "one close to" the General says that in 1952, when Marshall was being attacked as a traitor and front man for a Communist conspiracy, he waited night after night by his radio, listening for one word of defense of his honor from the Republican candidate for President, his protégé, General Eisenhower. This is a poignant story, because we know that word never came. It may be a true story, and it may not; the fact that we do not know and will never know is part of the code and character of General Marshall. He would never have revealed it, true or not. He wrote no book, argued no brief before the public, left no memoirs to be published after his death.

He was a soldier, in the most honorable and inspiriting sense of that word. His stature as a man, a general, a diplomat, will no doubt be better understood in the years to come. What is understood even today, however, is sufficient to win the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. May he rest in peace.

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The Pool of Ignorance

In every country there is some illiteracy, and in many countries there is almost no literacy at all

by C. K. YEARLEY, JR.

MORE THAN twenty years ago Franklin Roosevelt shocked a nation which even in the midst of depression was among the wealthiest on earth by reminding it that a third of its people were ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed. Although our own estate is now vastly improved, there is reason to be equally stunned by intelligence collated by the U.N. For those Americans whose social consciences are undulled by two decades of unparalleled prosperity, recent UNESCO studies offer a sobering reminder, phrased by a famed Chinese educator in a Rooseveltian idiom, that "three-fourths of the world's population are under-housed, under-clothed, under-fed and illiterate."

While there is difficulty involved in defining illiteracy with great precision, and more difficulty still in evaluating the criteria nations employ to measure its extent, *World Illiteracy at Mid-Century* and related UNESCO monographs are shocking documents. Despite more than a century of remarkable advances in the techniques and scope of popular education in many places, the most conservative calculations, based on the narrowest definition of literacy, indicate that more than two-fifths of the world's adult population over fifteen years of age are by any standards utterly unable to read or write any language.

So stated, the statistical comment might seem deceptively modest, until we realize that these estimates embrace no less than seven hundred million humans. And, as the studies carefully point out, the full reality is without question considerably starker. For while many of the world's adults can, technically speaking, sign their names and demonstrate the rudiments of reading skill, they are in fact functional illiterates—without "the knowledge and skills in reading and writing which allow [them] to engage effectively in all . . . activities in which literacy is normally assumed in [their] culture or group." Some experts maintain that between sixty-five and seventy per cent of the world's adults are illiterate.

There are some facts in these reports which help sustain our hopes: the world rate of illiteracy is diminishing; illiteracy is widely and healthily recognized as a major human problem; and there are many countries in which only two or three per cent of the population are so handicapped. Nevertheless, in the light of other evidence, much of it overwhelming, these facts supply small comfort. For if the rate of world illiteracy is dropping, the number of illiterates in many parts of the world may actually be increasing; in areas where it is acknowledged to be a problem, the instruments for coping with it are usually pitifully inadequate; and while over a score of nations have confined illiteracy to two or three in every hundred adults, more than half the countries and territories of the world list fifty per cent or more of their adults as illiterates. There is some illiteracy in every country, and in many countries there is almost no literacy at all.

SPECIALISTS judiciously concede that connections between literacy and national or local economic development are not entirely clear, but they agree that literacy nonetheless is closely tied to the degree of economic and social progress. Almost without exception, as one might expect, literacy is high in modern agricultural communities, such as Denmark, and in the highly industrialized countries. Conversely, it is low in the economically backward or underdeveloped nations and regions of the world. Northern and Western Europeans, for example, with only one or two per cent of the adults illiterate, are among the most literate peoples in the world. Australia and New Zealand match the European record, while the Japanese, the most literate of the Asians, are slightly more literate than the people of the United States.

Though estimates undoubtedly trail realities, tied as they are to census data, the United States in 1950—

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well over a century after the start of popular education —still listed three per cent of its adults as illiterates, and if tests of functional literacy were applied the number would unquestionably show a marked rise, as educators up to the college level would testify. Still, in such countries the problem is minimal and manageable. But in many countries popularly considered to be "modern" and often contiguous to or under the tutelage of the relatively fortunate nations, there is a surprising amount of illiteracy. One Italian in seven, one Spaniard in five, one Bulgarian, Greek, Rumanian, or Yugoslav in four, and just under half the people of Portugal, are illiterate. Similarly, one Alaskan or Virgin Islander in seven and nearly one Puerto Rican in three is illiterate. Even in these places, however, the problem is much less fearsome than elsewhere.

The world's vast pools of ignorance are located in Asia, particularly South and Southeast Asia, the Middle East, most of Africa, and Central and South America. Throughout most of these areas, as in India, Pakistan, Indonesia and Viet Nam, above eighty per cent of the populations are unable to read or write, while in Afghanistan, Saudi-Arabia, French West Africa and Ethiopia, the percentage embraces from ninety-five to ninety-nine per cent of the adults. Except for Argentina and Uruguay, the number of illiterates everywhere in Central and South America exceeds a fifth of each country's citizenry. In Bolivia, Peru, Brazil, Guatemala, and Haiti, for instance, less than half the people can read or write.

Just as illiteracy diminishes as one moves from the poverty-stricken to the more opulent countries, so too within most nations the degree of literacy rises with increases in national and personal income, with movement from rural to urban areas, and with escape from "minority" status. In the United States, for example, the incidence of illiteracy rises dramatically as investigators move from young, high income, urban, white males to aged, low income, rural, colored males. Small wonder then that the U.N. has premised its fundamental education programs on the assumption that literacy, while important to a community's economic progress, is basically an instrument designed to enhance human dignity and creativity—and as such is a universal human right.

NEVERTHELESS, the seemingly manifest virtues of literacy are by no means accepted by everyone. Within many communities motivations favoring it may be lacking or may run the gamut of extremes. A century ago the great California rancheros lived idyllic lives, perfectly content with their incapacity to read or write. And during recent investigations in West Africa an American educator discovered that among non-literate tribes of that area attitudes varied from "complete self-satisfaction" with their illiterate condition to a "burning desire" for literacy. In all times and places, of course, certain vested interests have profited by ignorance. The master class of the Old South frowned on the extension of such basic skills to the slave community. Again, in primitive or underdeveloped areas visited by U.N. and other educational field teams—Haiti, Jamaica, and parts of Africa, for instance—literacy is opposed by medicine men, chieftains or political leaders, lawyers or merchants who prey on the ignorant.

Experts are agreed that until literacy becomes one of the conscious needs of the group or community it is almost pointless to try promoting it; consequently in many places the primary educational task is stimulating such consciousness. Examples of how such an awareness arises are fairly numerous. In one impoverished non-literate community an education team invited a successful farmer from a nearby town to discuss local problems with them. While describing his own procedures in soil preparation, planting, and crop care, he cited the information furnished him by agricultural bulletins. Almost immediately farmers in the non-literate group realized that their success was likely to be contingent on their ability to read, and requests for literacy training swelled.

But the stimuli to literacy vary widely. At times individuals will strive to attain literacy as the result of powerful inner drives for higher status. In other instances literacy becomes the group's way of coping with daily, often vexing, community problems—improving sanitary conditions or the water supply, checking diseases, caring for children, balancing diets, raising better livestock, reading signs to avoid danger or to locate streets. In still other cases it has been and still is an instrument of nationalism or a means of purveying or perpetuating an ideology.

In the United States justification for compulsory public education has often been tied to the argument that a democratic society will prove viable only as long as it rests on an informed and educated populace, and the corollary that our technology requires a sustained flow of skilled hands and trained minds. Similarly, the remarkable reductions of illiteracy in the Soviet Union —only one Russian in twenty-five is illiterate—have been closely coupled with the technical and ideological aspirations of the whole society—at least as the state sees them. Yet even where the desired incentives or popular motivations exist, obstacles are still so formidable that only the most massive assaults on illiteracy appear likely to produce results that will impress those who view the problem with a sense of urgency.

Sustained, dedicated, well-financed programs of mass education pursued by national governments are, undoubtedly, the most effective antidote to widespread ignorance. Unhappily, however, such attacks are completely beyond the capacities of many nations and territories. As a consequence, since the end of World

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War II, part of the burden of formulating and helping inaugurate such efforts in backward regions has been assumed by UNESCO. Collaborating with about fifty member states of the U.N., it has pioneered fundamental education in many regions of the world through a series of pilot projects. Basically, however, it has functioned best as an international brain trust, bringing educational specialists together, sponsoring colloquia and seminars, helping recruit, train and advise field teams. By collecting information from numerous quarters it has served as a clearing house for ideas while simultaneously dramatizing the human dimensions of world ignorance.

MOREOVER, UNESCO has sponsored research and analysis of its own and made substantial contributions to the elaboration of new techniques. Thus in places where conditions are too primitive to begin educational processes with reading and writing—often because no written language even exists—it has guided the development of pre-literacy campaigns. Elsewhere its specialists have encouraged the simplification of scripts and helped resolve problems posed by two languages, one classical or scholarly, the other more commonplace; they have devised new manuals for field workers, given advice on new texts, and stimulated adult education movements. Frequently work launched by UNESCO at the international level dovetails with the efforts of church groups or campaigns by local civic organizations.

Nothing suggests that people engaged in such work are deluded romantics; UNESCO and other specialists, in their own statements, recognize the feebleness of their influence on world illiteracy. Men's values are still such that UNESCO's budget is less than the cost of a dozen large jet bombers. Nations that might conceivably divert more badly needed funds to education often spend exorbitant amounts on armaments; governments frequently invest scarce talents and resources in dramatic political programs, or vote-catching experiments designed to capitalize on nationalist or anti-imperialist sentiment.

Frequently, too, basic problems are even more varied and serious than this. In some societies the desire for literacy simply does not exist; in others, such as the Marbial Valley of Haiti, where there is often a commendable urge to learn, the obstacles are almost overwhelming. Where schools function they are poverty stricken, teachers are badly undertrained, texts are obsolescent and confusing, conflicts between languages prove baffling; endemic disease and the demands of local agriculture eat into attendance. Elsewhere schooling can be continued for only three or four years—not enough to insure permanent literacy; barring substantial adult literacy campaigns children are commonly reabsorbed by the non-literate community. Nowhere is it possible for schools to rise above the society that creates them.

Studies of previous advances in the fight for literacy clearly indicate that illiteracy can be cut by as much as thirty to forty per cent in a decade—under favorable conditions. But, again, the rates of progress demonstrated over the past in places where the incidence of illiteracy was highest leave no doubt whatever that unless prodigious efforts are undertaken to curtail it, improvement will prove negligible. The latest figures for pre-partition India, for example, show a decennial rate of progress of one per cent. In other words, at this rate it would take India a century to increase the number of literates by ten per cent; similarly, the last reported progress in Egypt would produce a mere fifteen per cent increase in literacy over the next fifty years. Admittedly these figures may now be hopelessly inaccurate, since in the case of India, Egypt and many other countries, the last such calculations were made twenty to thirty years ago; nonetheless, they bare something of the magnitude of the task, and permit no unduly sanguine views of what lies ahead.

TO BE SURE, illiteracy is not invariably a major tragedy. There are cultures, however primitive, so well adjusted to their environment and so isolated from the more modern aspirations of the race that the absence of such skills is not missed. In Laos, Cambodia and parts of Indonesia, for instance, there are peoples whose agriculture keeps them in a comfortable competence and upon whom literacy, given their present interests, would confer few immediate benefits. Similarly, literacy can scarcely be regarded as a matter of great urgency in secluded places such as Tibet, where religion and otherworldly predilections dominate.

Likewise, if illiteracy is not necessarily tragic, literacy when and where it exists is assuredly not a panacea for men's ills. At best it is one instrument of opportunity, useful only to the extent that other forms of social progress accompany it. The real tragedy of such ignorance, it may be, becomes manifest only among men who are infatuated by glimpses of higher standards of living, whom modern science and technology, nationalism or anti-imperialism have induced to strike for modernization and industrialism, whose attitudes toward their environments are no longer resigned, and whose hopes have far outrun their capacities.

Hundreds of millions of these men and women, moreover, are no longer beyond the mainstream of world events. Their frustrations—and aspirations—bear intimately upon the character of world politics, upon the world's increasingly interdependent economy, upon the freedom of individual and international intercourse. They bear, too, upon the climate of reason that will prevail among future generations and, not least, upon whatever peace these generations will know.

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THE CHOICE

LAST week I saw an advance showing of Stanley Kramer's production of "On the Beach," the film made from the Nevil Shute novel. The picture will be released in December and at that time Philip Hartung will undoubtedly review it. In any case I leave it to Mr. Hartung to pass on the film's artistic merits, and to others to pass on its moral aspects. What interested me more than the acting or the direction was that the story, which would have been dismissed as science fiction only a few years ago, is now a gruesome possibility.

When "On the Beach" opens, World War III has already been brought to a conclusion. So has human history. The weapons of mass destruction have practically wiped out the human race. The only survivors of the war are in far-off Australia, and their days are numbered. For it is only a matter of months until the winds will carry the deadly fallout to them too.

To dramatize what has happened there are impressive shots of an untouched San Francisco, that lovely city, which has become like an empty room no one will even enter again, and there are shots of other familiar places which remain just as we know them, except that overnight they have been turned into grim relics of man's time on earth.

The terrible possibility of nuclear annihilation has hung over all of us for a long time; only lately, though, has there been a general recognition of its reality.

Of course Mr. Khrushchev still makes boasts about the mighty striking force of the Soviet Union. Our leaders in turn speak bravely of how the U.S. stands ever ready to meet force with force. But behind all that bold talk isn't there a solemn understanding that Americans and Russians share at least one thing in common—both are in the same predicament? Isn't it fairly common knowledge now, in high places and low, that we cannot destroy the Soviets without destroying ourselves, and that they cannot wipe us out without wiping themselves out?

There are wise and good men who will flatly disagree with this judgment, I know. They are not so uninformed as to deny the possibility of total destruction. They argue, though, that in the face of such a danger, humane citizens should turn their efforts toward "civilizing" modern war and do all they can to reshape it into a tolerable institution. They do not call for the renunciation of arms, because they feel that such an appeal would be futile and dangerously utopian. But they do plead for self-restraint on the part of nations and for the canonization of "limited wars."

To bring about such an amelioration of the horrors of war, they tell us, is the real challenge facing Christians in the nuclear age. They fear the weapons of wholesale mass destruction as much as anyone else; nor do they deny the possibility of total disaster; they are even ready to advocate the acceptance of defeat as tolerable if victory has to be bought at the price of total, or even near-total, annihilation. But they are not ready to give up the idea of war itself.

If I thought, as they apparently do, that organized killing could be "civilized" at this stage of the game, or that something less than total war could be expected once the bombs begin to fall again, I think I would agree with them. For I am no pacifist. I am not sorry that Hitlerism was defeated by force of arms. Even considering the dreadful toll of World War II, I believe we have no reason to repent of our decision in December, 1941. But I have no hope that the progress of scientific annihilation can be stopped, or that nations at war will exercise reason and restraint in the application of force. What nation will accept defeat while its storehouses burst with lethal weapons? What people will live with the knowledge of how to destroy its enemy and not use that knowledge, once the humiliation of being conquered faces them?

War is no longer a tolerable human institution; that is the fact of the matter. And I say this not because war is brutal and cruel. It has always been that. I say it because war has lost its internal logic. It can no longer do for men what it was devised to do. It cannot defend them from an external enemy, for their own destruction is implicit in such a defense. It can no longer restore a shattered justice and order, for it produces universal chaos. It can no longer repress injustice, for it gives birth to greater evils than those it is used to suppress.

To go this far does not mean that I have been converted to the pacifist's reasoning. I still find the just-war theory intellectually satisfying. I see no evil in defending oneself from aggression or using force to prevent the destruction of life and liberty. But I am convinced that the "war" in the just-war theory is an anachronism. It bears only an historic relationship to the thing that modern weapons have brought into existence.

So much seems clear to me. But it is only a preface to the real moral problem. With war, human survival is in question. Without it, what recourse do free people have to prevent enslavement? What can decent men do about a rampaging Hitler? Are we doomed forever to the kind of helplessness which prompted us to turn a deaf ear to the cries for help that came over the air as the Hungarian station went off the air in 1956?

JOHN COGLEY.

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Publishing a daily is big business,
in which only the well-heeled can survive

Disappearing Dailies

by TED LE BERTHON

DESPITE the vast numbers of us who listen to radio and T.V. news commentators and analysts, there are more readers of daily newspapers in proportion to the total population of the United States than there were four decades ago. Yet this greater number of readers now has only two-thirds as many dailies to read. Since 1919, about one-third of the dailies then published have disappeared via failure, absorption or merger. Moreover, their number will continue to decrease, in the opinion of a man who should know—and know why.

In an address in Washington last spring before the annual convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Norman Chandler, publisher of the long successful (and implacably Republican) Los Angeles *Times,* said: "Rising publication costs during the next ten years will kill off more newspapers and force still others to merge." No other convention speaker disputed his prediction. Nor did any take issue with him when he observed that "less than ninety cities now have more than one newspaper; only ten have more than two." Publisher Chandler did not comment as to whether this monopolistic trend is for good or ill. It was as if he were uttering a simple truism: that publishing a daily has become big business, and that only the well-heeled can survive.

After all, it takes a lot of money to buy the sort of brains that can collectively issue a daily that attracts a large circulation and therefore a formidable advertising revenue, the criterion of survival. Furthermore, as any candid advertising manager of any daily will concede, survival is virtually impossible when the revenue derived is that from local advertisers. A daily's survival depends in great part on advertising secured from big business through national advertising agencies.

There were 2,604 dailies in 1919 with an approximate total circulation of twenty-seven million. There are today 1,749 (or 855 fewer) with aggregate daily circulation of some fifty-eight million. Mr. Chandler's uncontested statement that "less than ninety cities" have more than one daily means that at least 1,659 cities have *only* one daily, and that readers in that many communities—ranging in population from ten thousand to half a million—are daily exposed to one political viewpoint, one manner of news selectivity and, frequently, one brand of news coloration.

When it is realized that eighty-three per cent of all dailies in Northern border states have consistently supported the Republican Presidential candidate since 1936, and that Congressmen supported by Southern dailies have voted in coalition with their Republican confreres on a majority of important social issues, the charge that there is a one-party press in this country cannot be dismissed out of hand.

THIS CONDITION could well make for political thought-control and general ideological conformism were it not for a most fitting irony, the stubborn individualism of the American people, who also read many dissident, nonconformist magazines of various levels of intellectual appeal. Despite one-paper monopolies in about 99.5 per cent of all American cities, dailies have steadily declined in political influence. In national election years since 1936, the voters re-elected Franklin Delano Roosevelt three times and elected Harry Truman once, in the face of nearly blanket press support for their opponents. And with only eight per cent of all dailies, North and South, supporting his candidacy in 1952 and 1956, Adlai Stevenson captured forty-six per cent of the popular vote his first time out, forty-four per cent the second time.

It is obvious, then, that no appreciable percentage of present-day Americans take their dailies' political preferences seriously. The cat has long been out of the bag. The public long ago and even good humoredly came to suspect that most dailies espouse the political hopes of their big advertisers, not those of the majority of their readers. But has this genial assumption resulted in a large number of cancelled subscriptions? The evidence is to the contrary. While fewer Americans than in long bygone yesteryears regard dailies as "guides, philosophers and friends," they continue to pore over them for the gossip of the community, the nation and the world, i.e., for current history.

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Some of the old-timers of journalism have written magazine articles attempting to prove that our modern dailies lack the influence dailies once had because of the passing of the era of intrepid star reporters. Many weepy words have been typed about those ruthless investigative geniuses who used any means, fair or foul—from invasion of privacy to bribery—to garner a page one "scoop." In retrospect, there seems little admirable in either their peculiar type of dedicated snoopery, or the gaudy prose used by most of them in their stories of murder, political corruption and sex scandals. True, they often uncovered crimes and vice conditions the police had failed to unearth, and the breed still spottily persists, but it seems dying out.

There are still some sensational dailies which increase rather than decrease crime and juvenile delinquency by their febrile news coverage; but, in these times of one-daily monopolies, there are fewer sensational and far more pallid newspapers. And thus the argument has been advanced by publishers of non-competitive dailies that monopoly enables them to raise the standard of journalism. Their claim is that the most ethical dailies in America are those which have no competition in a given city or area. They reason that the daily which doesn't have to sweat hard for circulation against a competitor can better resist temptations to sensationalize news or to go in for flashy headlines or premature reporting. A monopoly, these publishers say, makes for a greater sense of public responsibility on their part.

THIS ASSUMPTION is steeped in self-deception. A monopoly daily may forego sensationalism. It may even go through the motions of presenting both or many sides of public questions. But, editorially, it is virtually certain to come out on only one side. In fact, as we have seen, an overwhelming majority of these dailies editorially favor the Republican party. In most monopoly dailies I've read, at least twice as much news and photographic coverage has been given at election times to candidates of the party the publisher favored.

In almost any management-labor dispute, an overwhelming majority of American dailies subtly or otherwise favor management. They may give both sides equal news space, but a publisher's heart is usually where his treasure is. And the publisher of a successful and likely-to-survive daily is almost bound to be a big business man himself. In most cities, he has a finger in many pies, as a part-owner or board member of other business and industrial firms or of a bank. Being neither a saint nor an angel, he is normally on the side of big business. And if his is a one-paper monopoly, he need not worry overmuch what his readers—including those who are labor union members—think. They have no other local daily, and virtually all Americans are as habituated to reading a local daily as some are to alcohol or tranquilizers.

Theoretically, the "letters to the editor" columns afford readers an opportunity to praise or blame a daily for its over-all policy or its stands on various public questions. Recently, however, I analyzed the letters columns of three monopoly dailies. I found that a most impressive eighty-five per cent of such letters, over a period of a month, were sympathetic to these dailies' public positions. But as a matter of fact no daily agrees or claims to publish any and every letter received. Having been employed on the editorial staffs of dailies for about a quarter of a century in the course of my working life, I have found letters-to-the-editor almost invariably carefully screened. Most which disapprove a daily's stand on public issues never get into print.

An even more common deceit of dailies is slanted coverage of politico-economic news. This is most often done by news or telegraph editors through "judicious" cutting of wire service dispatches. Associated Press or United Press International coverage of any story anywhere is about as thorough and detached as is possible, and it will usually be quite exhaustive. But a daily's editor is under no obligation to use all of it, and generally doesn't. Unfortunately, what he deletes often contains facts which alone make the story fully understandable. What he decides to use from this coverage may *not* depict anything like the whole truth.

It needs to be realized that most, but not all, of the advertising placed by big business in dailies is *big*. Most "national ads" are from a quarter-page to a page in size. They represent the difference between survival and failure. True, every daily needs all the advertising it can procure from local merchants and manufacturers. But the important revenue is from the automobile, refrigerator, liquor, cigarette and cosmetic manufacturers, et al., in "tie-ins" with local retailers; from coast-to-coast chain stores; and from regional private utility corporations, those especially which supply gas, electricity and telephone service.

WHAT reporter of any length of experience has not heard some big business executive amiably or angrily inform him that he is totally indifferent to any newspaper's political policies, and is solely concerned with its circulation? Yet this claim is considerably less than even a half truth. As an example, a friend of mine, long associated with a leading daily of a coast-to-coast chain as a top reporter, was "tired of it all" and sought to purchase a semi-weekly in a small city. The owner, an elderly man, wanted to retire. But when my friend informed him he wished to make the paper, already Democratic in its politics, into a more lively Democratic, pro-labor organ, the owner dissuaded him. This was the gist of his argument:

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"You'd lose your shirt. Several big city dailies are widely read here. They're all Republican. Our local merchants don't advertise with them; they do advertise in our little semi-weekly. But if you think you can survive on the small ads our local dry goods stores, corner grocers and druggists can afford to run, you're crazy. Your only hope is to get some of that 'good will' advertising from the big agencies. And don't forget, they don't *need* to advertise in little sheets like this. They already reach our people through the big dailies. But they'll play ball with you on *their* terms. Mind you, they'll never tell you what your political policy should be. If you support measures and candidates they don't like, they'll never let on. But when it comes time to renew the advertising contracts, you'll get brief, terse letters explaining that, due to certain retrenchments, this or that client of theirs, has not included you in its coming year's advertising budget. I know. I've been trying to run this as a liberal Democratic paper. That's why I'm washed up and getting out. You'd have soon found that out if I hadn't told you."

My friend, almost needless to say, is still toiling for the same chain daily.

No one needs to list the once widely read dailies that have disappeared from such cities as New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles; or even the four that have vanished from the borough of Brooklyn. Not all were necessarily victims of the big business trend. There undoubtedly were other factors, such as mismanagement, failure to adapt to changing times, and lack of imaginative venturesomeness.

But over the past four decades, the proportion of advertising as against news space has gradually increased in most surviving dailies. Also, there have been more failures among morning than among evening dailies. There are some "ad men" who say that increased leisure for women—who do most of their reading in the evening—has resulted in a greater interest in "ad copy." They do the shopping, and it is said that seventy per cent of all newspaper advertising is directed to the female of the species. Certainly the "art" of writing compelling copy has become a more profitable business than that of working on a daily's editorial staff in almost any capacity. Furthermore, the members of a daily's advertising staff generally make far more money than does any editorial worker except, perhaps, an executive editor.

These are the discouraging facts, which hardly corroborate the many lofty sentiments which have been written and uttered regarding freedom of the press in this country. There *is* a free press in the sense that thousands of small circulation magazines and some rural weeklies and semi-weeklies keep themselves outside the orbit of big business control. But, with some notable exceptions, our dailies are just not free.

DRUGS AND ADDICTS

One Man's Fix

by DAN WAKEFIELD

THE OFFICIAL attitude of our society toward drug addiction, as expressed by our laws, is roughly comparable to that of society's attitude toward the mentally ill a century ago: lock 'em up and leave 'em alone. But there is a growing number of discussions of narcotics addiction in the novel, the theater, poetry, the movies, reporting and sociology, which view the addict as a sick person rather than a criminal. Hopefully, all this represents a change in public opinion which may finally result in a change in our outmoded laws on narcotics.

The growing interest in the plight of the narcotics addict, which has markedly increased since the end of World War II, seems to be due to something more than the overdue discovery of a cruelly and needlessly victimized minority group. It is, I think, based on a slowly evolving recognition and identification. In the past, the addict was usually regarded as a wild, strange creature called a "dope fiend," possessed by mysterious drugs and devils, and bearing no more relationship to the problems of the mass of men in America than a suffering leper in Lambaranee. Now, however, there is an increasing awareness that the narcotics addict is not so different from the rest of us—that it is in fact possible to see him as a symbol of the final, extreme fulfillment of the myriad neuroses that plague the "average" American.

This country has a greater number of narcotics addicts than all the other countries of the western world combined. It also has the greatest number of

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users of non-addicting "tranquilizer" drugs. Heroin, the most commonly used addicting drug in this country (morphine is a poor second, used mainly by addicts in the medical profession, because they have easier access to it) is, in its effects, the ultimate tranquilizer. It does not inflame and excite its user; it calms, soothes, relaxes, and releases him, obliterating during the period of its effects the need for love, for sex, or indeed, for answers to any of his mental and emotional problems. Who among the mass of Miltown-takers and bourbon swallowers, trouble-column readers and television slaves can look with cold detachment and lack of understanding on the heroin addict? For what he has done is to numb himself to a more effective state of removal from the problems and plagues of what the poet Richard Wilbur has called "the punctual rape of every blessed day."

We have learned through the poetry and prose of the scribes of the Beat Generation that narcotics can be a definitive answer for the sensitive young man from a middle-class family as well as for the poor, uneducated father of a family in a slum. The face of the "Intellectual Junkie" is now engraved on our national conscience and consciousness, as sharply as is the face of the junkie from the slums, perhaps Negro or Puerto Rican, whom we could comfortably dispose of in the past as just another "social problem" to be cured by more parks and better housing.

A GOOD DEAL of the Beat literature dealing with narcotics, however, leaves us with one of the same basic misconceptions as does the current Alice-in-Wonderland legal approach to narcotics. That illusion is the one that lumps marijuana and heroin in one large category of drugs, sensation, escape, and "evil." The laws treat possession and sales of heroin and marijuana with the same impartial, blindfolded punishment. In reality, however, heroin is physiologically addicting: after a certain period of consumption the body needs the drug and the user becomes violently ill without it. Marijuana, on the other hand, is no more and no less addicting than whiskey, and, unglamorously enough, produces much the same kind of sensation and stimulation. The literature and derivative mythology of the Beats, however, often give the impression that these drugs are the same (or that heroin is different only in that it provides more kicks), that the poetry-spouting kid blowing pot at a bongo party is in the same class as the "mainlining" addict who takes heroin through a needle in the vein. The tragic result of this illusion, as it is propagated in law and literature, is that many kids who play with marijuana believe that because they can take it or leave it they can do the same with heroin; that the switch from "pot" to "horse" is something comparable to the switch from beer to bourbon. It is not; they are not in the same league, and should not be listed on the same roster. One is a game, that can be won or lost; the other is a tragedy.

The intellectual interest in narcotics, however, is not limited to the stereotyped and often misleading Beat type of poetry and prose which asks us for tears to wash the wounds of a kid getting kicks on marijuana. Aldous Huxley has written a book on the pleasures and rewards of a drug called mescaline (*The Doors of Perception*) and has offered it as a prescription to put new life in what he feels are the dying religions of our time. But the French writer André Michaux has written of his own, more destructive experience with that drug.

The more that is discovered about narcotics, as these few examples suggest, the smaller seems the gap that separates the "addict" and the "average," sane and insane. A thin line makes the partition in most departments, and the more one understands, the more one can find his connection with the fellow human being across the border who was always thought of as living in a different land.

One of the virtues of *Who Live in Shadows* (McGraw-Hill. $4.50) a recent study by Judge John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris is that, unlike so many popular reports in the past, it does not present narcotics addiction as merely a problem of slum life or minority groups. Included in the "case studies" portraits that make up a good part of this book are fact-based stories of a successful doctor who has been addicted to morphine for fourteen years; the teenage daughter of an accountant in Evanston, Illinois; a Negro jazz musician and a seventeen-year-old Puerto Rican boy. The authors also point out that "there are some addicts who could never be recognized as such. . . . Many of them who take drugs regularly, but are able to refrain from excessive dosage, maintain normal lives over the years. There are government officials, business leaders and professional men among them. So long as they have the drug they need they function well at work and in society."

THE ADDICT is among us! The "invisible" one who maintains a respectable role in society is not likely to be discovered because he can pay for his supplies, and, when needed, his cures. The addict who is poor has only two alternatives for getting enough money to buy the drug on which his body has become dependent, and both are a crime: one is to sell drugs to others, one is to steal. (The law, incidentally, makes no distinction between the pusher who is an addict and sells in order to maintain his habit, and the pusher who merely sells for profit.) The addict who is poor is quickly forced into one of these crimes, and usually caught and brought before us in court and in the newspapers. He is the "public"

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addict we most often think of in connection with narcotics.

To the Commissioner of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, however, there are no distinctions of any kind among addicts. The addict, according to narcotics chief Harry J. Anslinger, is "an immoral vicious social leper." Our laws on narcotics are based on this premise.

Although there are other books which perhaps deal with the problem of narcotics itself with more intelligence and sophistication, *Who Live in Shadow* does the best job I know of in leading the reader through the jungle of the laws on narcotics and making a convincing, well-documented case for a basic change. The authors show that ". . . the punitive, prohibitory approach to the drug problem has been the official policy of the United States for forty years. No other country in the world has been so sadistic in dealing with addicts. Still there are more addicts in the United States today than in all the other Western countries combined, and more juvenile users in New York City than in all Europe."

A change in the direction of the laws seems inevitable, but it also still seems far away. In the meantime, addicts are suffering and dying, selling drugs and stealing, trying to survive in the world of nightmare need that is best summed up in the line of a poem written by an addict from East Harlem: "Heroin is my shepherd. I shall always want."

There are those, also, who want to escape from this destructive need. Their routes are few, narrow, and twisted. There are an estimated sixty thousand known addicts in the U.S. (and this is a minimal figure, since the majority are probably not "known") and there are two Federal narcotics hospitals where they can go for the medical treatments they need to withdraw from the drug. One of these hospitals is at Fort Worth, Texas, and the other is at Lexington, Kentucky. They have a combined capacity of less than twenty-five thousand patients. The only other narcotics hospital in the country is New York's Riverside Hospital, which is restricted to addicts under the age of twenty-one.

WHAT ABOUT other hospitals? The addict is ill, he needs medical supervision and treatment to withdraw from the drug—can't he go to a city or private hospital? No, not yet. The first break in the long tradition of barring addicts from treatment in ordinary hospitals came this spring in New York City, as a result of pressure which culminated in a picketing demonstration outside City Hall. This demonstration was sponsored and led by the Narcotics Committee of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, and joined by lay and church people throughout the city. The new policy stated that wards would be made available in certain city hospitals for the treatment of addicts wishing to withdraw from the drug. That was on June 9, and as yet, no such ward has been opened.

Even if and when such wards are established, the addict is not by any means "home free." The relapse rate at the established narcotics hospitals is extremely and discouragingly high when the patients go home again. As an excellent report by the New York State Division of Parole, Special Narcotics project, recently explained: "It is asking too much for the institutions to effect such a change [in personality] when it is basically a problem of living in the community."

The community is the setting in which the addiction began, and that is where it must end. Physical withdrawal under medical control is relatively easy and painless now with the use of new drugs such as methadone. The psychological needs that drive the user to his habit are not so simply solved. And the same problems are still likely to be present in his own mind and his own community when he comes back home.

In response to this growing realization, a number of neighborhood committees for aid to addicts have grown up in the past few years in New York City as well as Chicago and Detroit. Many are still in the talking and planning stage; at least one, the committee of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, has advanced to a full-scale program of aid including a doctor, psychologist, psychiatrist, religious counselors, lawyer, recreation night, job placement, visits and letters to addicts in federal hospitals or prisons, and work with addicts on the street and the families of addicts. Similar committees are beginning or have begun on the Lower East Side, in Central Harlem, Yorkville, Greenwich Village, at the Salvation Army, and a local "Narcotics Anonymous" group.

These efforts are still at an early stage but they are already bearing fruit. They have given the first hope to thousands of people whom society had written off; they have helped a growing number of addicts stay off the drug for periods ranging from six months to more than five years. Perhaps the most creative thing the city, and other city governments could do—within the framework of the present laws—would be to give official and financial aid to these private groups which could form the framework of a practical and extensive rehabilitation program. The road is long and hard at every step, but at least it is now being built. The difficulty of leading the addict through the dark night of his illness can best be explained in the words of a home-made sign that someone pinned to the bulletin board of the East Harlem Narcotics Committee headquarters. It asks "When does it stop?" And it answers "When you dig yourself."

That is a goal that each of us stumbles toward; for the addict, it happens to be more strictly a daily matter of life-and-death and death-in-life than it is for the rest of us.

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BLUE RIBBON PIONEERS

THE PROBABILITY is slight that any county in any State has a more beautiful setting for its annual fair than Santa Cruz County, Arizona, has at the crossroad of Sonoita. Sonoita is an almost invisible settlement in a huge, plateau landscape. The whole area is a rolling, grassy ranchland (tawny now, green in summer), with mountains in the distance circling the horizon. Works of man which might threaten the ranging beauty are at an exaggerated minimum. The site could hold four or five world expositions without cluttering the landscape. The actual fair is clearly one for a small and very rustic county—population twelve thousand, with more than half in the one city of Nogales, thirty miles away.

Like the animals shown ("Department A—Livestock, Poultry & Rabbits"), the Santa Cruz Fair is very pure in type. The committee screens out the entertainment spectaculars which have overwhelmed most fairs, and runs off a big Rodeo after a week's interval to satisfy the demand for the sharper thrills of country life. The Fair itself concentrates on the genuine, old-fashioned exhibits which local residents enter in competition for "premiums." Such pedigreed fairs, these days, have a scarcity value. They certainly have an appeal which is nostalgic and an interest which is antiquarian, so that however much a person may actually like them, he cannot help considering if they are something useful and sensible for the present, or only another escapist diversion.

For ranchers and farmers the fair does still have practical economic utility. A few blue ribbons around a barn help bring decent prices, and experts can learn much, ambling among the prize-winners. But what about the more decorative exhibits of plants and animals which are scarcely aimed at a commercial market, and the "bedspreads and afghans," "embroidery," miscellaneous fancy work," or the "breads," "confections," home-canned foods and "jams, jellies, marmalades, preserves (any variety)"? What about the "upholstery," the leather and metal work, and the "Fine Arts" from ambitious painting to "miscellaneous novelties"? These are demonstrations of careful gardening, of arts and crafts, and simply of hobbies. Many are wonderful: plants and fruits and flowers to glorify a garden, foods that look ambrosial, household goods and decorations that have character and flavor, genuine gaiety and beauty.

The general question seems to be that of the present utility and vitality of "hand-made" and "do-it-yourself." Pioneers couldn't avoid do-it-yourself, if they were to have either necessary or desirable things. Contemporary families almost inevitably get their necessities and conveniences by trading their pay check for a well-advertised, machine-made, national product. At the same time, few families can afford to buy the slowly, carefully, interestingly, and in various degrees beautifully hand-made and hand-grown articles which a fair is rich in. Very few of the local exhibitors, surely, could have them unless they were inspired to make them themselves.

But in this respect, the American economy is much the same, from urban centers right out to the colorful, rustic edges. What families can do and buy with their money income nearly always calls for a supplement. They find it more possible and more rewarding to do various jobs and to make special things for their homes themselves than to raise their net cash incomes to buy in the inflating market. Take the example of a man doing only about eight hours a week home gardening. To pay for this would normally require something like $800 a year extra income, after taxes. He would have to raise his salary somewhere near $85 per month, or obtain additional stocks and bonds worth around $20,000, depending on his tax bracket and luck. While this is discouragingly true, the public economy does provide time for families to go after the extras on their own.

The region around Sonoita is beginning to show signs of an additional, fast growing force which stimulates do-it-yourself. "Exurbia," in a sense, is covering the country. Everywhere, surprisingly youthful men and women are retiring from businesses and from Army, Navy and other governmental services, with established incomes already made. Significantly for Santa Cruz County, Bing Crosby, fabulous for his skill in real estate as well as entertainment, has acquired "interests" in the golf course and land "development" at Tubac, near Tumacacori, where Padre Kino established the first mission north of what is now the Mexican border. For all but the very exceptional retired and semi-retired families, do-it-yourself can, and does, effectively raise their standard of living. It also provides interest and activity which appear necessary, and leads to knowledge and skill and to an increase in the warmth and meaning of surrounding things.

Perhaps there was an interval when the delightful personal and regional and traditional exhibits of a county fair were merely illustrations of an archaic way of life. A trip to Sonoita makes one hope that dull interval is passed; and an open view of the social and economic landscape gives hints that probably it has passed, and that personal home work, which the County Fair celebrates, is a presently living art and necessary science.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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THE SCREEN

ASK ANY GIRL OR BOY

IN JUNE, "Ask Any Girl" brought Shirley MacLaine to New York as a career girl looking for a job or a husband or both. The film was a bright bit of froth that never took its subject matter very seriously. The subject, however, must interest Hollywood, and now two more films on the same theme turn up, both meant to be considered seriously.

Unfortunately, the characters and plot of "The Best of Everything" are so superficial that the setting seems to be some never-never land rather than the handsomely photographed New York of Jerry Wald's production. The film's color shots of the city are beautiful, especially those of Park Avenue and the Seagram Building where Hope Lange, as the principal character in this crowded story, works for the Fabian Publishing Co., first as secretary, then as reader, and finally one of the many editors. A Radcliffe graduate, this girl thinks she can improve the contents of the cheap paper-bound books and other trash turned out by the Fabian staff, but, although Miss Lange plays the role well, she hasn't a chance in this fantastic publishing company.

Jilted by her fiancé who later turns up and wants her to be his mistress, Miss Lange cries on the shoulder of a hard-drinking editor (Stephen Boyd) who puts up with her rather patiently and proves, in spite of his weaknesses, to be the film's most stable male. In fact, hardly anyone at Fabian sets a standard worthy of Miss Lange's first high aims. Her temporary editor-boss (Joan Crawford) is frustrated over an affair she's having with a married man. The beauty editor (made beautiful by Martha Hyer) is a young divorcee who's getting nowhere in her romance with a married executive. Another editor (caricatured by Brian Aherne) carries on as the office wolf. The two Fabian secretaries who share an apartment with Miss Lange (Suzy Parker and Diane Baker) go to the dogs with a couple of cads (Louis Jourdan and Robert Evans) in scenes that hit a new low in unbelievable melodrama.

"The Best of Everything" does have a few realistic episodes, like the office picnic. But most of the overcrowded movie, which stems from Rona Jaffe's novel and which was directed by Jean Negulesco, is a glamorized soap opera that even a steno wouldn't think up in her wildest day dreams.

ALSO TELLING a story that is crowded with incidents, some of which are quite irrelevant, "Career" has the advantage of concentrating on one person and his overwhelming ambition to become an actor. As played by Anthony Franciosa, this opportunistic young man has plenty of nerve and verve for working, but he never displays much in the way of acting talent. The would-be actor certainly gets more than his share of hard knocks, though—what with two marriages that go on the rocks and stage offers that have a way of disappearing before they materialize, plus the chicanery of a director-friend who's really interested only in himself and would do anything to get ahead no matter what people or ideals are squashed on the way. Dean Martin plays this sometimes-friend with a glib manner that shouldn't really fool anyone. The young man's first wife (Joan Blackman) walks out on him because she's tired of waiting for him to get a job in the theater. His second wife (Shirley MacLaine) is a lush who married him on the rebound when she couldn't have Dean Martin, but when she can have Dean Martin she drops the struggling young actor in a hurry. Waiting for him patiently if foolishly throughout this seemingly endless story is Carolyn Jones as an actors' agent with more stick-to-it-iveness than sense.

Most of this takes place in New York, on-Broadway and off-Broadway, and the best thing to be said about Hal Wallis' production is that the backgrounds are authentic. However, I doubt that careers in the theater are quite such dog-eat-dog affairs, and no matter what impression "Career" gives, I feel reasonably certain that some talent must accompany the struggles and hard work. One thing seems sure: there is little to commend about the struggling actor in "Career," and he isn't likely to inspire stage-struck youngsters to follow suit. Much of the fault in all this lies in Joseph Anthony's heavy-handed direction. But most of the grimness of this episodic and deadly serious movie is due to the script which was written by James Lee from his own play.

AUDIENCES tired of watching the ambitious and romantic-minded working classes in New York might turn to "Libel" and see what the English Uppers are up to. They won't find this English film any more believable than the American movies reviewed this week, but they'll find it more exciting and interesting. Its plot revolves around Sir Mark Liddon (Dirk Bogarde) who, except for his bad memory and occasional pains in the head, has been happily married since the war. He and his wife (Olivia de Havilland) live in luxury with their young son on an elegant estate. Their plush contentment suddenly crumbles when a friend from Sir Mark's past (Paul Massie) turns up and accuses him of being an impostor. And when a newspaper publishes a letter with the accusation, there is little Mark can do but sue both the former friend and the paper for libel.

Best part of the movie is the trial which is made very lively indeed by the opposing lawyers, played to the hilt by Robert Morley and Wilfred Hyde-White; and

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the key to the plot is in the flashbacks exposed as the various witnesses take the stand. It seems Sir Mark and his friend were in a German P.O.W. camp and escaped with another man, a struggling actor also played by Bogarde. The friend now insists that the actor is posing as Sir Mark and the various testimonies are so convincing that even Mark and his wife begin to doubt and wonder who is who. This is kind of a fishy tale, but Producer Anatole de Grunwald has decorated it well and Director Anthony Asquith keeps his cast moving at a brisk pace so you can't delve into its improbabilities. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

FLUMMERY FALSE AND TRUE

THEATER must indulge—who would deny it?—a variety of taste: one's pleasure in romantic sentiment and the frivolous, as well as in the keen, the tragic, the grand: yet bend as I will to the charm of this persuasion, I cannot divine what need is to be met by "The Gang's All Here" *(at the Ambassador)*. An appetite for moral flummery, perhaps? Certainly as it is proposed by those ideological rough riders, Messrs. Lawrence and Lee, the event traffics uneasily between history and imagination, distilling out of the two solitudes only a dull literalism. Did we once suffer the amiable ineptitude of a President named Warren G. Harding? "The Gang's All Here" will offer a counterpart cipher in Griffith P. Hastings. Had a raffish Attorney General Daugherty silver spoons in too many teapots? No matter: the authors invoke the presence of an equally raffish Rafferty. Was the First Lady of the Land an ardent torch of temperance? The third act of "The Gang's All Here" will show Madame dousing that flame with a good belt at the bottle, though considering what the poor girl had been through, in history and in art, who could blame her?

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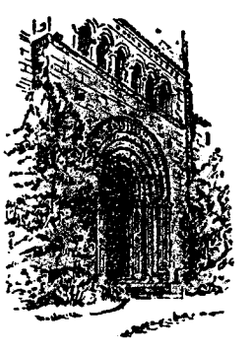

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The sum of all this—dirty linen in high places, hortatory idealism, rumors of dancing girls on Pennsylvania Avenue and poker games with bootleg hooch, plus intimations of suicide through principle—comes quite to nothing. How could it otherwise, rooted in a Sunday supplement view of political procedure and a moralism as vulgarly plausible as the vigilant American eagles—this is a watchbird watching you—Mr. Jo Mielziner has blazoned on every armchair and window drapery. Mr. Mielziner, indeed, quite gives the game away with his looming portents of Capitol and Washington Monument: symbols of probity looking down on this squalor of patronage with all the frosty decorum of two hugely deliquescent Good Humors.

Under their august scrutiny, a most proficient cast plays "The Gang's All Here" with brisk efficiency, but a want of that realistic security a more incisive text would have demanded. Style as such need hardly be called into being by an illustrative documentary, the moral sophistication of which would not have given pause to students of McGuffey's Reader.

MR. LORENZO SEMPLE'S "Golden Fleecing" *(at the Henry Miller)* is, alternatively, a comic anecdote of many virtues. I note gently that it is perhaps a play for those who go to the theater rather too often; they will be most sensible of its charm, and its relief, and most ready to indulge the sententiousness which somehow dampens the finale. Its pleasures are mild and bizarre, *bonnes bouches* tucked in the folds of Broadway expertise. By what process is it, as an instance, that Miss Constance Ford—announcing, with a jolly little hop, "Heigh ho, I think I'll just fall off the wagon now"—may seem to us so ultimately witty? The evening is full of just such irrelevances and flying effects, moments of ostensible unpremeditation gloriously contrived, and spent with a winning prodigality. Nothing is punched, driven, slammed across the footlights; the whole is disposed with a certain aristocratic largesse and insouciance; one is paid the last compliment of being left nervously intact, and the mouth has not that sensation of an exhausted rubber band.

Mr. Abe Burrows' method of keeping the surface alive and rustling has never seemed so *naturally* "theatrical," nor so distinguished, and I am happy to render this tribute of admiration long withheld. I may cite, too, the presence of a cast freshly pleasing, slight and youthful and gay: Miss Suzanne Pleshette, with her lovely, low melody of sincerity and fluent feeling, is easily one of the theater's bright particular new talents, in any range, and Mr. Tom Poston's vaguely "boiled" starchiness, rich with some glint of far-away madness, makes a superb comment on the middle-class American male temperament. If flummery there must be, and there must, let us by all means take it in such artful blends of guileful innocence. RICHARD HAYES.

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Religion, Culture and Contemporary Life

THEOLOGY OF CULTURE. By Paul Tillich. Oxford University Press. $4.

By LEONARD F. X. MAYHEW

CULTURE, considered as the total complex of the dominant forces at work in a civilized society and man's responses to them, is as organically indivisible as man himself. Nonetheless, it is still quite possible to say that the culture of a particular age or place is strongly religious or, on the contrary, not at all religious. Religion, by either its presence or absence will largely determine the character of a culture. A theology of culture, then, is presumably an attempt to analyze the place religion should or must occupy in the form of a culture. If such a statement even approximately defines our view, then we are in for a number of surprises in this short but very important book by the brilliant and erudite Dr. Tillich.

One of the foremost thinkers in contemporary Protestantism, Tillich has always had at the center of his wide-ranging interests the complicated relationship between Christianity and contemporary culture. Even his *opus magnum,* the two-volume *Systematic Theology,* aims in large measure to explore this relationship. As a result, *Theology Of Culture* is far more than an intriguing specialized study. It is a key to the present state of mind of one of the most important religious thinkers of our time.

Dr. Tillich's most basic definition —of religion—furnishes the immediate and lasting surprise which to some degree beclouds the meaning of the entire book. Religion and culture are to all practical purposes identified, only to be distinguished logically and even then only with great danger to their real significance. Religion, for Dr. Tillich, is ultimate concern with whatever is truly of ultimate importance; faith is the state of being grasped by such concern; God is the "name" for the content of the ultimate concern. As a consequence, Dr. Tillich begins his study with the principle that "religion is the substance of culture, and culture is the form of religion . . . the totality of the forms in which the basic concern of religion expresses itself." Having naturalized (or de-naturalized) religion to this degree, it is only with the greatest difficulty that we can assign to theology a specific function which would not equally be the field of one of the social sciences in studying our culture.

Nonetheless, the author is largely concerned with authentically theological questions and proceeds to elucidate some of his most important positions: his definition of religion, his philosophy of religion (to the Scholastic, a mixture of natural theology and epistemology) and most important of all, the nature of our knowledge or "awareness" of God. Professor Tillich's methods are phenomenological and his thought is formed by the categories of the modern existentialists, especially those who wrote and taught in German. On almost every theological point, the Catholic reader will necessarily disagree. The complete naturalism and anti-rationalism of Tillich's "existential" approach to Christianity preclude the possibility of agreement but the study offers at the same time a most fascinating and informative statement of traditional Protestant doctrine and attitudes in terms of contemporary philosophy.

Professor Tillich is, within his own categories, what many would look for a Catholic theologian to be within his—a man who knows and is sensitively attuned to the world and civilization in which he lives, with its problems and needs and moods. Having disposed of the strictly theological preamble to his work in the first part of the book, he proceeds in the second to a more lengthy treatment of certain concrete applications of his principles

"At Dartmouth *one student walked up in the heat of the question period to within a foot of me, and as he began to question me, his voice broke with emotion: 'Do you mean to say that there are circumstances under which you would make war if it meant death for a hundred million men, women, and children?' 'Yes,' I said. The audience gasped. I gasped too, but they didn't hear me, and that is one of the difficulties. Students know nothing, have no intimation of, the horrors of pacifism.*"

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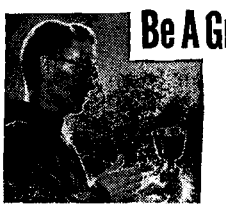

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Some surprising Sicilians speak their minds in

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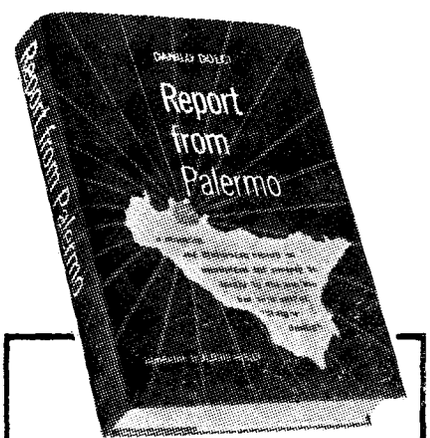

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to such diverse and pertinent subjects as artistic style, existentialism, psychoanalysis, science, ethics and education.

The lengthiest chapter of the book comes under the heading of these "Concrete Applications" and is concerned with existential philosophy. "Brilliant" is the only word to describe the finesse with which the author distinguishes the "classic" problems of existentialism and outlines and cites apropos of each the views of the masters of this "school" from Kierkegaard to Jaspers and Husserl. His grasp of this aspect of contemporary culture is sure and logical. He takes great pains to stress what these men have in common rather than the elements which create such great divisions among them.

The existentialist philosophers, according to Tillich, share a common opposition to a common foe and share also a common positive aim. They seek to be rid of the "rational," mechanistic world created by Hegel and derived ultimately from Descartes, in order "to discover the creative realm of being which is prior to and beyond the distinction between objectivity and subjectivity." Existential philosophy is the attempt, prepared in the nineteenth century and being carried out in the twentieth, to reconquer the meaning of life on the part of thinkers for whom the explanations of traditional theology and positivist philosophy are equally meaningless and unsatisfactory. It is an approach to life (and, at once, to the religion-God-ultimate concern of Tillich) in terms of a "mysticism" leading through the subjectivity and very soul of the thinker, using only what is absorbed in his immediate inner experience.

In Tillichian terms, there is no need for further theological explanation beyond this because here we are surely face to face with that ultimate concern which is at one and the same time religion and culture. Tillich is very astute to note that such a "mysticism" has infinitely more of the Protestant than of the Catholic heritage in it. He points out without any ambiguity another equally important fact, that existentialism as a caste of mind has developed and thrived in countries and on levels where the position of traditional religion has been most weakened by the "Enlightenment" and its aftermath.

Dr. Tillich's misunderstanding of certain Catholic doctrines will be a sad surprise. For he states baldly that the Church maintains its teaching regarding Mary, not because of any conviction regarding the evidence, but merely for its symbolic worth. And he apparently subscribes to the worn-out charge that the Catholic Church in America would have to abolish tolerance when the number and influence of its members make it powerful enough to do so.

It is commonplace to note that the cultural development, even survival, of the West, and the future of Christianity, humanly speaking, will depend to a great degree on a constant, sincere and intelligent "dialogue" among Catholics, Protestants, non-Christians and secularists. No one who holds to this conviction will ignore this impressive book.

Prelude to Meaning

MEN DIE. By H. L. Humes. Random House. $3.50.

By ANTHONY BAILEY

MR. HUMES' second novel is at once ambitious and pretentious. It is brightly ambitious in theme: three white naval officers and a large number of Negro enlisted men are quartered on a Caribbean rock that is being turned into a munitions arsenal in case of war; the rock blows up, as was expected, and Sulgrave, the youngest officer, returns to the States with the five surviving Negroes, who have survived because, as mutineers, they were imprisoned in a safe bunker. Sulgrave proceeds to make love with his late commander's widow, Vannessa Hake. Sometime in the past she has made love

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to her late husband's executive officer, Ben Dolfus, who has mused dolefully about man's fate while he is still alive to share his knowledge with Sulgrave. The love affair between Sulgrave and Vanna is curtailed by the declaration of war—the second world war; the actual cataclysm following hard upon the personal and symbolic explosions.

Unfortunately, *Men Die* is pretentious to the extent to which Mr. Humes' ambitions are not matched by wit or grace or style. His book takes a stumbling, somewhat indigested form. It commences with the explosion, and proceeds through flashbacks, interspersed among descriptions of the advance of Sulgrave from the moment of eruption to the moment of going off to war, and further counterpointed with Vanna Hake's torrent of consciousness, set in original typography:

I'm a woman I must be my own woman

But 38 God how will I get through
the night without going crazy
no pill no pill

The effect, I am afraid, is rather that of a Molly Bloom whose center of existence is a suburban supermarket.

This pretentiousness is aggravated by the suggestion that the book may be intended to have a symbolic meaning: that the men sitting on the rock, priming their own doom, caught there by fate (their blackness), or self-exiled there as in the case of Dolfus and Hake, or sent there by chance (the Navy Dept.) as is Sulgrave—that these men are in some way representative of the human race, and that the end they meet is in some way indicative of the apocalypse waiting us all. If this is so, then Mr. Humes—or simply "Humes" as his publishers, falling in with the high-mindedness of all this, insist on calling him—has not been just with himself. His book deals far too much with Sulgrave and Mrs. Hake, and far too little with Dolfus and Commander Hake. Dolfus, with his cosmic pessimism, is the most successful character in the book, but the effect of his death is trifling to the reader.

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Indeed, the explosion and its fury, unleashed upon us on the first page, are never really justified in terms of the characters they destroy. Mr. Humes provokes a comparison with Conrad, Malraux, and William Golding, thereby increasing our disappointment when he fails to penetrate the problem he has set himself. Although at moments he can render a situation or a landscape with firm and evocative language, for the most part the writing is jerky, and there are occasions when even the author seems to have become confused by the intricate construction of the book: the December sun is mentioned on the first, the "chill November sun" on the second of what one takes to be two consecutive days in the life of Sulgrave.

"Men Die," says Mr. Humes, as if he were about to reveal beneath the terrible and tedious fact of death its true meaning for man; but he does not do it here. All one can say in reply is "Indeed they do."

REVIEWERS

Father Mayhew is a parish priest serving in Atlanta, Georgia. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

Anthony Bailey, who is on the staff of the *New Yorker* magazine, is himself a novelist and critic.

ART

Image of Modern Man

MAN IS SEEN as victim, rather than as master of his fate, by those contemporary artists whose works appear in the exhibit *New Images of Man* at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Maimed, eroded, trapped, marooned, these images nevertheless state their condition in eloquent idioms ranging from the explosive and furious to the delicate and ironical. "A painting . . . is a tiger behind bars" says Appel, and his images (like De Kooning's and Bacon's) rage on the canvas; with the ghost of a smile Baskin's spindly-legged rotund man elicits a wry response, and Giacometti's starved, elongated, lonely figures command an anguished empathy. In the introduction to the book published for the exhibit Peter Selz points out that these artists are not members of any common group or school and are, in many ways, miles from one another. They are united, however, not only by the subject "man" but by this Kafkaesque conception of him.

Paradoxically, many of these artists share with other contemporary painters and sculptors a belief in spontaneous individual expression, so that frequently their technique is (rationally at least) at odds with their conception of man; if man is presented as a victim, the individual artist is more and more the master of the image. Baskin, who after Giacometti seems to be the most eloquent of the sculptors here represented, puts the paradox into words. "The forging of works of art is one of man's remaining semblances to divinity" he says, rephrasing the opinion of Etienne Gilson. And again, "Our human frame, our gutted mansion, our enveloping sack of beef and ash is *yet* a glory." (my italics) Since the only estate apparently left to the individual is self-expression in art, with the last vestige of his will the impoverished victim is moved to create new images of himself.

These "new images" tend to depict the wounds of the victim more than his real appearance, and to care more for showing his lacerated "gutted" condition that for that "glory" he yet possesses; but in the best examples of the works of these artists something of the glory is still felt. The fragile temerity of Giacometti's *Man Pointing,* the blurred huddled form crouching in a green poetic country that is Bacon's *Study of a Figure in a Landscape,* the snarling fury of De Kooning's *Woman I* bursting out of a riot of color—all these are in their different ways vital expressions of human wonders. These wonders are essentially wonders of sufferance, rebelliousness or simple durability; the "glory" is a sort of risidual glory.

Whereas in the past humanist art gloried in man's outward appearance, these new imagists seem to wish to reach the diffuse, tentative, groping pre-forms of existence through what Dubuffet calls *"l'art brut."* This is as true of these imagists as of the abstract expressionists, and it is what makes their images "new" as much as their common Kafkaesque attitude toward the position of man in the world of today. For this reason the images (particularly in the paint-

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I find that it is not possible for me to give adequate praise to *Worship* in the space alloted. It is sound and scholarly—but at the same time lively and direct. Probably most of its readers are priests, but it is written and edited for all Catholics.

The subject matter and purpose of the magazine do not vary from issue to issue: *Worship* is published to help people understand the Mass and the sacraments. Yet there is tremendous variety in its pages; perhaps the first and possibly the most valuable educational experience one gets from it is the realization of the ties between liturgy and life.

***Worship* treats of the social order, religious sociology, music, art, and architecture, of the psychology of modern man, the meaning of sacrifice, liturgical reforms, and of the participation of the laity in the prayer-life of the Church.**

I said it was for "all Catholics," but there must be a reservation. **Though** *Worship* is "popular" in the sense of being non-technical, it asks serious work and some background of its readers. Given the work, the background could be derived (over a number of issues) from the magazine itself.

— Robert Hoyt in *The Kansas City–St. Joseph Register*

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ings of this exhibit, since sculpture by its very nature resists the condition) give you the impression of "becoming" rather than of "being": Nathan Oliveira's *Standing Woman With a Hat* for instance, with its delicious contrast of somber background and sheaf of vivid thick color, seems to call for a title like *Painting Becoming A Standing Woman With A Hat.* De Kooning's *Woman I* might be *Chaos Becoming a Woman* and Bacon's blurred brute in *Study for Portrait of Van Gogh* might instead indicate *The Primordial Becoming Van Gogh.*

The sculpture, as I have said, resists the role of "becoming" and it is perhaps because of this that the sculpture in this exhibit seems in general more authoritative than the painting. In sculpture the victimized image is forcibly realized: the woman *is* a grasshopper in Germaine Richier's *The Grasshopper;* the elegant spidery man *is* a mechanism in Roszak's *The Surveyor;* and Baskin's *The Great Man Dead* really is the victim done for, despite the "inscrutable expression." Mr. John Canaday in his N. Y. *Times* article of October 4 says that in this show "the sculptors are at once more inventive and more disciplined than the painters," but I believe that in part this impression is due to the fact that the choice of paintings is not as good as that of the sculpture. In this sense the exhibit is not quite fair in its presentation. I cannot believe with Mr. Canaday that "painting is starving for a new medium" to present a "new image of man" but feel that even this limited selection disproves such a thesis.

Despite the desperate character of many of the images in this exhibit, only one happened to affect me as striking a really mournful note. It is a figure by the Austrian sculptor Fritz Wotruba entitled *Seated Figure ("Penseur")*, a granite-like bronze in squared-off slabs in a pose reminiscent of Rodin's *Thinker.* It is a capable, even compelling, work, but instead of Rodin's powerful figure *thinking* one is confronted with a standardized form, overwhelmed.

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